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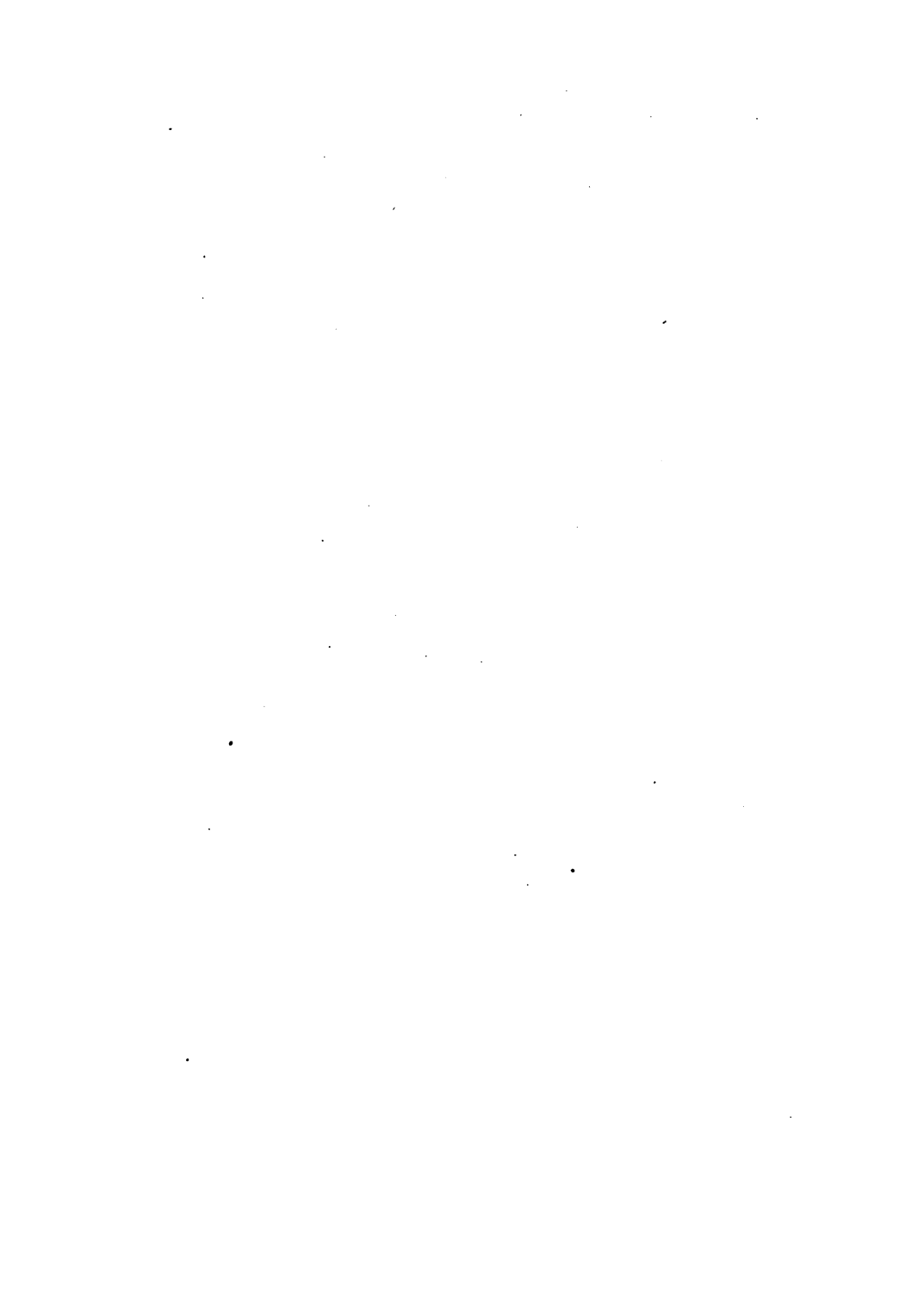
FROM CALAIS TO KARLSBAD.

T. LOUIS OXLEY.





6000234301



From Calais to Karlsbad.



FROM
CALAIS TO KARLSBAD

BY
T. LOUIS OXLEY

Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis.

HOR.



LONDON

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FROM CALAIS TO KARLSBAD.

CHAPTER I.

CALAIS.

AFTER a charming passage from Dover, with the sea joyously fresh and sparkling, we drove to the old-fashioned "Hotel Dessin," Calais, with its glazed galleries.

This hotel, like its master and mistress, is a relic of the past. It has a faded glory about it. Although looking very weather-worn and unpainted, yet you find, on further acquaintance, that it is clean

and well-cared for ; that Mme. Dessin looks sharply after her women-kind, and that M. Dessin is equally alert in his bureau.

The old couple have ruled the hotel for more than fifty years ; and although the traffic of the road is comparatively extinct, they still make a profit. They spend a great portion of each day in the church, and give largely to the charities of Calais.

I have specially named these two aged people because they are types of the nation rarely seen. Mme. Dessin is still very good-looking. M. Dessin is no longer the well-got-up man he was three years ago, but he retains all his well-bred manners. After bestowing alms, their other pleasure is to entertain a friend or

two at dinner ; and as they have one of the best *chefs* in France, to be their guest is considered a privilege.

Calais is a self-contained little city : its inhabitants seem happy and fairly awake. It is a place where the prayer, " Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me," is realized. When you look a little into the economy of the people, you find them clean and tidy, both in their persons and houses. The air is proverbially pure ; the place enjoys the reputation of having three different climates in a day, all good.

The ramparts command a view singularly their own : sand-hill rises after sand-hill, each slightly tinged with lank grass, making a wavy foreground. Beyond this comes the true sand of the shore, stretching

far, far away, and looking lonely and desolate. Last of all the sea, spotted here and there with a fishing-boat, and fading away into the horizon.

The old town was in a flutter ; sable priests were seen walking hurriedly through the streets, forming a strong contrast to the little white-veiled vestals flitting to and fro ; these looked as peerless as snow-flakes—veil, dress, and white kid boots—all were new and tasteful. No wonder that the groups who accompanied these little fairies looked proud and pleased.

The small boy communicants, dressed in the evening costume of an English gentleman, were fit cavaliers for these "dainty dames." In church they were divided before the altar—the mass of snowy white

to the left, and the jet black to the right. The organ's tunes, the soft light from the altar, the golden vestments of the priests, the responses of the children, all combined to make an impressive picture.





CHAPTER II.

BRUSSELS.

WE started for Brussels the following day, and arrived at the "Hotel de l'Europe" in time for dinner. My neighbour at *table d'hôte* told me an amusing anecdote about himself.

When he was in command at Hong Kong our Minister, on his way to Yedo, asked the General to accompany him on his first landing in the country to which he was accredited. The Minister and the General embarked in a gunboat for

Yokohama. When they desired to land, the water was too shallow, and a small craft from the shore put off for them, into which they descended. In time, this becoming "beached," the British Minister and the Lieut.-General effected a landing on the backs of two mud-larks!

After months of sombre, cloudy weather in England, an almost tropical heat burst upon us. A deep blue sky, cloudless, mottled here and there with flaky-white streaks, seemed something strangely beautiful. The trees in the Park were in their richest greens: it was their age of sweet seventeen! Under their shadows we sat down, yes, really sat down in full open air, feeling for the first time for some months a delight in mere existence—a sensation our climate rarely permits.

Sitting under the elms in the Royal Park and gazing upwards, we enjoyed the tender colours of the under-sides of the leaves. They were translucent ; and with stem and branch they formed an exquisite design on the blue sky above.

I remembered reading in "Friends in Council," one of them describing a foreign public garden, after having endured months of English fog and rain, and saying how he was struck with the marked contrast to our climate ; how the lightness and brightness of the atmosphere gave a daylight appearance to everything in Brussels. He said the change seemed so great as to make him feel that the past months of his life in England had been spent in semi-darkness.

There are few cities which are so dis-

tinctly divided into old and new as Brussels. The division is as abrupt as between dry land and water. It is the same with the inhabitants. In the old part, the *ouvrier* is insignificant in height, with a feline expression of face, and his children are frightfully rickety. In the new, the upper classes have a distinguished appearance, and the proportion of intellectual-looking men one meets is very remarkable.

In Belgium extremes seem to meet, both in religion and politics; and although there are only 10,000 out of 5,000,000 who are not Catholics, there is a deep-seated anti-clerical feeling pervading the country.

There is also an uneasiness as to the national future. A few years ago, whilst

staying at Spa, a large employer of labour at Antwerp told me that he looked upon his own country's hereafter with such uncertainty that he never invested any money in its public debt.

One of the charms of Brussels is its freedom from "sights." The Cathedral, Hotel de Ville, Bourse, a few statues, and the picture galleries, and you have done your duty.

Having seen these you can give yourself up to the quiet enjoyment of watching the people, either in the busy streets of the old town, or sitting listening to the military bands in the Royal Park. There is no place in which a Sunday feels less irksome than here. From two till dark the Park is crowded with a succession of happy, well-dressed people, who seem, at least for

that day, to have cast off all care. The open-air concerts in the Vauxhall Gardens, which commence every evening at eight, are to me most attractive.

We left Brussels for Aix with a shade of regret. We should have felt doing so much more had the heat been less oppressive.





CHAPTER III.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—BONN—BINGEN.



AIX-LA-CHAPELLE and "Hotel Nuellens." Why are the hotels abroad so much better than at home? This is kept by the hotel family "Dremel," and is a model of good order. The coffee and bread-and-butter are simply delicious, and the *table d'hôte* erred on plenty's side. The reading-room, panelled with old oak, was fully supplied with books and journals. Our bedroom, in contrast to any ordinary one in England, was furnished with the requirements of a drawing-room.

Except as a halting-place, there is little to attract you at Aix. It has increased in importance greatly of late. The streets are wide and imposing, and the shop windows were much more gaily dressed than those we had left at Brussels. We heard there was great depression in trade, and that it was severely felt by the working classes; knowing this, we were not surprised to see them looking wan and pinched.

Of course we went to the Cathedral, to see the tomb of the Great Charles; but the church is so utterly out of repair, and so filthy, and the approaches leading to it are so disgusting, that we derived but little satisfaction from seeing it. It is more a relic for an architect to describe than for a layman to enjoy.

In the evening to the Opera, and for the modest sum of three marks I had one of the best seats to hear the *Nozze de Figaro*. As familiar air after air came upon the ear, I could not help thinking of the young lady who, on seeing *Hamlet* performed for the first time, being asked how she enjoyed the play, replied, "She should have liked it better had it not been so full of quotations."

We used to go to the Kursaal Gardens, after dinner, to take our coffee and listen to the band. Our pleasure was considerably diminished by the sight of so many students, with unhealed gashes on their faces, proudly parading themselves. I cannot exaggerate their disgusting appearance. We were told that the "facial duels" were as common here as in any

other German college. Certainly, we had never seen the effects so painfully conspicuous.

We should have remained longer at Aix, on account of the extreme comfort of the hotel, and the cheap and simple amusements of the place, if the air were not so proverbially relaxing ; but only those stay long in it who come especially for its cure ; so after three pleasant days, we took the train to Bonn, which we made our next halting-place, because it was one of the Rhenish towns which we had not visited when making many passages up the Rhine.

I almost felt that I had been disloyal to the memory of "Albert the Good" not to have visited his Alma Mater ; and, like so many things you have anticipated with

pleasure, we were greatly disappointed with it, though I can scarcely say why. The old part of the town is without quaintness, and the new without animation. Of course, we saw the Cathedral, University, and the neighbourhood, and were then glad to go on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm*.

We had made up our minds to enjoy the Rhine, and not to feel any disappointment. We were rewarded for this determination. Perhaps, on previous occasions, the bad weather experienced may have lessened our enthusiasm. This time we were most favoured. Instead of the wind and rain which we had had on so many former passages, the day was perfect, and there was not a mile of the river's course we did not appreciate, as hill and castle successively presented themselves to our

view, and the towns on each side looked so bright with the sun shining gloriously upon them, that when one neared them, the queer feeling of thankfulness that you had not to live therein never possessed you.

After a most enjoyable eight hours' sail we left the boat at Bingen, and the following day we ascended the Rochsberg, which overhangs the town, and from it had a fine view of the river and one of its castles.

What we most wanted to see and understand was, what was behind the old fortresses seen from the river or railway. From these, they form the pinnacle of the landscape, and one was apt to think that their masters had but the Rhine to look down upon ; but when you rise above them, you see how much you have been

mistaken. From their castle towers they commanded views of far-stretching sweeps of country, and could survey the thousands of acres of which they were monarchs.





CHAPTER IV.

FRANKFORT—EISENACH—MARIENTHAL—THE
WURTBURG.

WE left Bingen for Frankfort, where we arrived after a three hours' railway journey, and made the "Frankfurter Hof" our head-quarters. This is one of the last new continental hotels; it is quite as luxurious as the "Grand Hotel" in Paris, and infinitely more comfortable. One can truly say that the directors have left nothing undone to make the visitor comfortable.

The reception, reading, and smoking

rooms are *en suite*, and perfect in their way. There is a large atrium attached to the hotel, where, with the accompaniment of the fountain's play, you smoke and sip your coffee.

Frankfort is rapidly becoming, architecturally as well as financially, one of the great cities of Europe; each time we revisit it we find that the public spirit which marks its burghers has done something to improve their native town. The last act of one of them has been to present a most costly fountain to the inhabitants; the new theatre is almost finished; the building committee spared neither time nor expense to procure designs from all parts of Europe. I believe, when finished, it will present to the world the most complete model of a theatre it has ever seen.

Sumptuous houses are springing up in the suburbs near the "Palm-garten;" in fact, a general air of wealth pervades the whole city. Having seen "the Ariadne," as well as the hall where, in former times, the "Bund" held its sittings, our principal enjoyment during the day was to visit the curiosity shops, and in the evening to go to the "Palm-garten."

After a week's sojourn we started for Eisenach, a quaint old Thuringian town, full of subjects for an artist: the houses, without one exception, are studies, with their high-pitched and windowed roofs, the latter covered with small scale-like tiles of a red-brown colour, beetling over the streets, with their gable ends.

Eisenach is celebrated for its dye and bleaching works, as well as for its cotton

manufactories. Several English firms have establishments here, and employ from five to eight hundred hands.

We were completely taken by surprise by the beauty of this neighbourhood. The chief interest centred in the "Wurtburg," or "Watch-castle," where Luther lived from May, 1521, to March, 1522, when he was taken prisoner by his friend the Elector of Saxony, to save him from being put to death by order of the Pope.

The drive to the Castle from Eisenach was by a road kept in as beautiful order as if it had passed through an English park. Pretty villas were scattered about the hills, which were separated from each other by deep valleys clothed with fir, sycamore, plane, and beech trees. Some of the hills have scarped precipitous sides

of red sandstone; others are crowned with heather and bilberry, looking soft and smooth as velvet.

After a long and steep ascent we reached the summit of the Berg, on which stands the castle and ancient convent of Wurtburg, now occupied by a small garrison. The views on every side were most lovely.

We found a long gallery, adorned with frescoes commemorating incidents in the life of "Elizabeth of Thuringia," crowded with pilgrims who had come to worship at the shrine of Luther. We followed them into the chapel, lately refrescoed by a Munich artist, where Luther preached; then to the "Hall of the Land-graves;" afterwards to the armoury; and, lastly, to Luther's chamber, where he

translated a great portion of his Bible, and where he hurled an inkstand at "the old gentleman."

The damaged wall, with the ink-marks, still remains; chair, footstool, writing-table, and portraits by Cranach, of himself, his father and mother, form the furniture of the room, together with his bedstead.

As we quitted the Wurtburg we met a fresh posse of pilgrims. Representatives of all classes, from the peasant to the professor, were to be found amongst them, the Wurtburg being the Thuringian "Mecca."

Leaving here we returned to the foot of the Berg by the same beautiful way we had ascended, and then proceeded along the Marienthal to the Annathal.

Our route was chiefly through woods, opening out at times, and revealing views of rounded hills looking beautiful in the distance.

We quitted the carriage after an hour's drive at a "Restauration," the garden of which commands a view of the Wurtburg, at the end of a wooded glade, which forms a sylvan frame to the castle. On our way back we walked through the Marienthal, where at times the high moss-clad rocks approach so close to each other that there was barely room to walk; small waterfalls trickled down here and there to feed the narrow stream running side by side with the path, which was so winding that every now and then we thought we had come to a *cul-de-sac*.

The effect produced by the emerald

colour of these mossy walls, combined with the deep blue of the sky above, made a picture certainly as lovely as any we had ever seen. During this walk we were successively reminded of Bolton Abbey woods, the gorge of Pfeffers, and parts of Derbyshire.

Close to our hotel is the palace where the Duchess of Orleans lived after the abdication of Louis Philippe, and where she died in 1858.

The costume of the peasant women is very peculiar: they wear a large cloak, something between an Inverness cape and a "bed-gown." We were struck with the delicately cut features of the inhabitants—aquiline noses, brown eyes, and shapely figures.

A beautiful bronze statue of Victory,

holding a wreath of oak-leaves, has been placed in the market-place to commemorate the brave Thuringians who fell in the Franco-German war.

In the evening we ascended a hill behind the old town, whence we saw the sun set behind the mountains skirting the Nessa and Hersel rivers.

The whole of our visit to Eisenach was a charming surprise : we went to see the Wurtburg as a duty, and were rewarded by finding ourselves in the midst of most beautiful scenery.





CHAPTER V.

DRESDEN—PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY—PICTURE
GALLERY—COURT JEWELS—HISTORICAL MU-
SEUM—MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS—COURT
ECONOMY.

WE left Eisenach for Dresden by an early train, passing Weimar and Gotha, halting at Leipsic for luncheon, and found ourselves once more in the Saxon capital.

There is something disappointing about Dresden. It is an enormous city, its streets are alive with people; still there is nothing sparkling or bright about it. The immense height of the houses and the great breadth of the streets are

Dresden—Porcelain Manufactory. 29

characteristics of the place. The Elbe divides it into the Old and New Stadts. In the former are the galleries, the palaces, and the principal churches. The city has increased greatly since we were here eleven years ago, a new suburb having sprung up near the Prague station.

We took an early opportunity of visiting Meissen, to see its far-famed porcelain manufactory, founded in 1755. Carefully passing through the rooms we saw the whole process, beginning with the raw material (which comes from Aue, about three miles distant), and ending with the finished specimens.

I had no idea that the manufacture of china was so purely mechanical—legs, arms, heads, leaves, flowers, are all cast in moulds, and stuck upon the clay. If

there be any art, it centres in the modeller. Of course, the artist who paints upon the clay is not included in this stricture. We came to the conclusion that we saw nothing in the magazine more beautiful than the productions of our own potteries.

There is a fine old castle at Meissen (which was formerly the capital of Saxony); here the Electors resided, and in this castle the original china manufactory was established.

A few years ago Dresden was a great resort for English families, on account of the cheapness of its education, but at present it appears deserted by them. Although it has a population of nearly 200,000 people there is an absence of refining amusements for the upper classes : beer and tobacco seem to enter into every

Dresden—The Picture Gallery. 31

entertainment, and these two give to high and low a coarse exterior and unprepossessing manners.

I should certainly say that Dresden is a place to visit in the winter rather than in the summer, the climate during the hot weather being so enervating that you do not feel to have strength enough to see its many galleries. Of course the Sistine Madonna is the centre of attraction. To see and feel this picture is alone worthy of a pilgrimage to Dresden. Those who sit down in the room, devoted exclusively to it, do not appear to regard it as a picture so much as an object of adoration. The awed expression of the Virgin, who has realized that she is the Mother of God, is wonderful in its power. The countenance of the Child, mysterious

with Divinity, soars far, far above the feeling expressed in the faces of Pope Sixtus and S. Barbara, the two other figures in this grand picture. The two little cherubim gazing at the Mother and Child are known to all lovers of Raphael.

At the other end of the gallery is Holbein's Madonna—an example of art which illustrates the opposite pole of style. This picture represents a quaint burgher's family, painted with all the finish of the Dutch school, but without religious intuition.

Picture after picture by the old masters comes as familiarly upon the eye as household words on the ear. Engravings have made us acquainted with them from childhood. I am sure that this previous knowledge of the pictures, ac-

quired through the graver's art, added considerably to our enjoyment. Many hours for many successive days could be spent, instructively as well as happily, in this gallery.

The collection of porcelain, in the King's Palace, is the most valuable in Europe. Of every china manufacture in the civilized world specimens are here to be found, and so arranged that in a very short time an education in the art of pottery may be acquired.

The Historical Museum has just been completed, the armour entirely rearranged, and, as in the porcelain gallery, you see the rudest gradually leading up to the most finished examples, so here with the weapons of defence and the armour covering of the soldier.

Some of the trappings of the horses used at the coronation of the Polish kings simply bristled with "gems;" you do not know the meaning of the term until you have seen "the Green Vaults," which contain, without exaggeration, gems and precious stones of incalculable value. Hundreds of quaint figures are formed with rubies, sapphires, pearls, and diamonds; the pearl, often as large as a goodly-sized walnut, adapting itself to some part of the anatomy in the most absurd manner.

It is a collection which must be seen to enable you to realize how basketsful of precious stones have been used by the jewellers who contributed to form the objects of which this eccentric gallery is composed. The *parures* belonging to

Dresden—Musical Entertainments. 35

the Royal Family are very beautiful. I cannot conceive that they can be surpassed by those of any other court.

The out-door attractions are: the "Grosser Garten," "Zoological Gardens," and the Bruhl Terrace, with their irrepressible bands, listened to by thousands, eating not the most dainty food, drinking good beer, and smoking bad tobacco. The music we enjoyed the most whilst in Dresden was that which we heard at "a monster concert" (given in a large beer garden), where two hundred and sixty wind instruments were played by soloists, in aid of a musical charity. There must have been at least two thousand people rapturously listening.

The drives immediately about Dresden are not picturesque, though the country

becomes very lovely soon after leaving the city by rail or Elbe steamer.

In one of our drives to the Waldschlossen (of course a great brewery) we passed the enormous "Caserne," consisting of barracks for the guards (both cavalry and infantry), artillery, engineers, and rifles, and built with a portion of the French milliards.

One day we were amused by seeing Prince and Princess Charles of Saxony, the heir apparent, with his wife (the King of Portugal's sister), driving in a victoria unnoticed by their future subjects, and were struck by a characteristic trait, showing the economy of the court appointments, as far as the servants were concerned. A slight shower fell during the time the Prince and Princess were making


some purchases in a shop opposite our hotel, whereupon the royal servants doffed their gold-girdled hats, and placed an oil-silk cover over them.





CHAPTER VI.

KÖNIGSTEIN — SCHANDAU — LILLIENSTEIN —
PFAFFENSTEIN — HOCHSTEIN — THE GREEN
VAULTS.

N the 6th of July we started for Schandau, passing on our way Pirna, with its old château, and Königstein, the great virgin fortress.

Here we began to appreciate our release from the artificial surroundings of the Saxon capital—we came abruptly upon the most homely looking, pretty villages which dot both banks of the Elbe. During our two hours' railway

journey we traversed the country from which the Saxon Canaletti has painted so many landscapes, and which we had carefully examined and enjoyed in the Dresden Gallery.

Soon after leaving Königstein station we found ourselves opposite "the Bastei," one of the most prominent and characteristic features of the scenery of Saxon Switzerland. In less than an hour we were at Schandau, and were soon comfortably ensconced in the hotel "Königin Carola."

Schandau is a quaint little town, with narrow streets and wide market-place, in which stands the new church on the site of the one swept away by the Elbe torrent last winter.

Schandau is frequented for "its cure,"

which consists in drinking or bathing in its waters, and seems a spa much patronized by the North Germans. It is in the very heart of Saxon Switzerland, and a centre from which radiate valleys which I shall attempt, I fear vainly, to describe. Through each of these a stream flows, and upon both sides of this rise perpendicular walls, composed of basaltic rocks, having the appearance of being built by the hand of man: so great is the regularity with which these huge blocks are placed, above and alongside each other, they recalled to my recollection the Etruscan wall at Fiesole.

They rise to the height of 800 feet, the birds and the wind have carried the seeds of the pine and other trees to the fissures in these rocks, and now trees

Lillienstein—Pfaffenstein—Hochstein. 41

start from them in every direction ; whilst the lichen, bilberry, heather, ragged robin, and wild geranium give warm hues of colour to their rugged sides.

Between the streams and the base of the rocks lie the greenest of meadows, and the far distances of the valleys are filled with views of the Lillienstein, Pfaffenstein, and Hochstein. Now and then you come upon the boldest bluffs, which look like marine rocks whose bases are covered with fir-trees instead of sea-plants. These valleys again branch off with other valleys, and often you find yourself in natural amphitheatres of surpassing loveliness, from which there seems no exit.

Our mode of living was an amusing contrast to that so often passed at English

“watering-places.” We rose early, breakfasted on the terrace in the garden, and watched lengthy rafts leisurely floating down the Elbe. At eight, our letters and journals ; at noon, a swim in the river, or music at the Kursaal. Dinner at two, at which our host presided. His guests were officers who had seen much fighting in the Saxon and Prussian services ; bankers and merchants from Berlin, Breslau, Göttingen, and Buda Pesth ; an English family from Bucharest ; a staff officer from Sandhurst ; an amusing lawyer from Baltimore, with a student brother, who reminded me of “John” in “The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.”

English was the medium of our table-talk, which never was marked by “an awful pause.” During the afternoon we

rejoiced in the scenery which surrounds Schandau.

At eight we supped under the skies, which, when we began our repast, had only two lovely planets suspended in them, but, before we separated, were bespangled with stars. And when the moon calmly rose from behind the bluff height opposite, and shed a silver bridge across the river, we knew it was time to end the simple day.

Three weeks can be passed very industriously at Schandau, and still much left unseen. Our first excursion was to Königstein, "the Virgin Fortress."

The little town nestling at its foot is a very original one: its streets are as narrow as those of the Corniche towns; the houses have high-pitched roofs of richly-coloured

fancy bricks. The Rath-haus and a good hotel stand in the small market-place. Cheerful, simple industry seemed to pervade this little place, and the uniforms of the soldiers, who had come down from the castle and were whiling away a few hours in the street, gave colour and animation to the scene.

On our way "to besiege the fortress" we drove up the steep granite-paved road, wide enough for two carriages. As we ascended we commanded views of the Elbe, flowing at our feet, and above it the Lillienstein (the Mont Blanc of Saxon Switzerland), rising abruptly from the high plain on the opposite bank of the river. It is the highest of the twelve mountains of the neighbourhood; and it was from it that, in 1813, Napoleon vainly

endeavoured to bombard the castle we were on our way to visit.

Königstein rises 852 feet above the Elbe, and 1,187 above the sea; its plateau is a mile in circumference, enclosing fields whose produce in time of siege would be useful for its war complement of 1,200 men, in addition to the two years' provision which is always kept here.

When we came to the first drawbridge we left the carriage, and herè the landscape was not one that you would associate with "grim war;" the fields were golden and ready for the sickle; the linden-trees, covered with blossom and resonant with the hum of bees, gave out delicious perfume, and the birch, beech, and oak were in their prime. Passing through the portcullis, we

ascended a long tunnel, and then crossed another drawbridge; another steep walk brought us to the table-land of the fort.

I had pictured to myself the dreary life which the governor, staff, and 300 rank and file must pass in this castle, but my pity had been wasted, for I found them living in a park which might have been the work of a Paxton: the very powder magazine was made to look rustic, and furnished with a verandahed terrace, on which officers, with their wives, were sipping coffee. But for the fact of the cannon in their embrasures, you could have imagined that you were in some public park.

To this fortress are consigned the precious contents of "the Green Vaults" in all times of danger; and the late King of Saxony passed some months within

its walls when the Prussians were at his gates. It possesses a well, with a never-failing supply of water, and has seven other powder magazines besides the one we saw, and certainly commands one of the finest views in Europe.

We descended by another road, through a forest of pine, to the village of "Huttonbad," regained the old road at Königstein, and were soon home at Schandau.

To see the Bastei, the Brand, Kuhstall, and Prebischthor are very pleasurable duties. To visit the last, we took the steamer to Herrenskretschen. The scenery, on both sides of the Elbe, was very charming.



CHAPTER VII.

BOHEMIA—THE PREBISCHTHOR—CARRIAGE TRAVELLING.

WE now found ourselves in Bohemia. A different type of face and different customs presented themselves. Maimed beggars appeared, hurdy-gurdies grated on the ear, crosses and canopied virgins were to be seen in unexpected places.

The view from the Prebischthor is considered the finest in Saxon Switzerland, and is accessible to an ordinary climber. The drive over a road only intended for

wood carts, and so precipitous that you felt it would be impossible to ascend it, and so narrow that the axles barely escaped grazing its sides, was the road we chose to take us back to Schandau.

Our coachman could speak no German, and was dressed like an Irish reaper; and, on mounting the box, he received from his master two slips of paper—the use of which we soon found, for at “the frontier” he showed these to the “douanier.” One was a plan of our route, the other the name of our destination. The latter he had never seen, and the former was most intricate; but “we were in for it;” it was too late to hark back, as to turn the carriage round was impossible. So up and down a road made by placing the trunks of fir-trees at right

angles to its sides, we jolted through forests for three hours.

At last the wood pavement was left behind ; we came to a bog, and were in despair. We quitted the carriage, thinking we should have to "ride and tye" the rest of the way. But our horses, though "queer ones to look at, were good ones to go," and the Bohemian had faith in them and the rickety old carriage. He tooled them into the quagmire, they floundered up to their hocks, the carriage sank to the axles ; but with cracks of the whip and coaxing tones of the voice, they emerged from the bog, and so ended what might have been a most unpleasant adventure.

On the other side of this "slough of despond" we came upon something like a

road, which led to the king's shooting lodge. Here we halted ; but soon we resumed our journey, and drove through a most picturesque valley which brought us to "the Waterfall," and then to the favourite "drive" which leads to Schandau.





CHAPTER VIII.

KARLSBAD—LIFE IN KARLSBAD.

HAVING passed a most enjoyable month at Schandau, we left it with regret for Karlsbad. Our journey was by Bodenbach, Aussig, Teplitz, and Komatau. We entered Bohemia at Bodenbach, and quitted the valley of the Elbe at Aussig, and once more looked upon a far-stretching landscape.

The scenery of this part of Bohemia is of similar character to that between Lintz and Vienna. The features of the people we saw at the stations differ greatly from

those we had left in Saxony. Their complexions are darker, their figures slighter, and they have Jewish noses, hazel eyes, and black hair.

After a nine hours' journey we arrived at Karlsbad, which resembles an Eastern town. Its streets are narrow, without *trottoir*, and its shops are like bazaars. As every one has come for "the cure," and as this lasts from three to five weeks, existence, save for the early rising and walking, is one of strenuous idleness; life is passed "sub sole," and to take a meal not "al fresco" is an exceptional act. English peer and peeress, with German count, might be seen any morning taking their coffee and rolls at a table placed in the middle of the principal street.

Homburgh, in the early autumn, is occu-

pied by the English. They have merely changed their venue. They rise earlier and spend their evenings in the open air. The landscape at the foot of the Taunus range does not contrast in any marked way with their home scenery, and so they return to England more English, if possible, than when they left it. Wiesbaden has no individuality. Baden-Baden is a paradise of Spas, where life is passed in continuous luxury. Karlsbad has nothing in common with these three well-known resorts.

The time passed in these Spas, contrasted with that spent in Karlsbad, is like that of the luxurious Parisian with the colonial settler. To reach Karlsbad, boundless plains must be passed. In Bohemia, the field of vision is measured

by the power of sight. Karlsbad is near no capital, save Prague. When you arrive at its station, you feel to have lost your daily associations. Driving through its streets, and nearing its *fragrant* river, you ask yourself, "Is this the place where 23,000 people annually resort for health?" The first night passed in the hotel (unless you have engaged your lodgings) only makes you repeat this question. It is too late to look back. You rise with the sun next morning; you begin your course; you meet an unexpected and welcome face at the "Quellen;" you take your rooms; they are exquisitely clean; your bed does not "murder sleep." Your fellow-countrymen, who are in the direst minority, welcome you; and shortly you fall into training,

and rigidly rise as the clock strikes six, and carry out as undeviatingly the rules prescribed for you, as the two crews obey their trainers for the annual boat-race.

Everything is in keeping at Karlsbad ; nothing is stereotyped ; it is no longer a fashionable watering-place. In the early morning the streets look as if rag fair were let loose. At least five thousand people are elbowing their way to and from their brunnen. Save for the coffee and bread, the Bohemian *cuisine* of Karlsbad is execrable. The wooded heights which look on this kettle of a city (for a kettle it is, with a lid removed more than 30 fathoms from its bottom or sides) have a rugged, uncouth character of their own. The only life in Karlsbad common with other life is when you join your friends to hear La-

bitzsky's good band in the beautiful park of the Post-hoff, or in the charming grounds of the Freund Schaftssaal. I have tried, in the following lines, to give a sketch of—

LIFE IN KARLSBAD.

STRANGE life at Karlo's Bad we pass ;
To boiling Quellen, with their carbon gas,
In the gorge of Tephel's narrow valley,
At early morning forth we sally.

Sound of music floating in the air,
'Tis the "Reveill  ," to your cups repair !
Quick ! leave the now neglected bed,
Billowy pillow, and "deck-bett" red.

Taking a draught of the morning's fresh air
We join the throng in this health-seeking fair :
So strange a sight as this, I ween,
Can nowhere in the world be seen

As that which Karlo's Bad presents
To humblest eye, and him with rents.
In Karlsbad's streets surge to and fro,
Long "*queues*," to where the Quellen flow.

58 *From Calais to Karlsbad.*

With solemn pace in single file
Vast Dames and jaundiced men defile.
Jews of Poland, Prague, Posen, and Vienna
Prefer these Brunnen to their boyhood's Senna.

Long-booted priest, monk, soldier, peasant
Drink waters, hot, but *not* unpleasant ;
A Babel of tongues accosts the ear,
But English-German, of all, most queer !

From six till eight the climax of this motley sight ;
At nine the Quellen are as dull as night ;
And then the masses to their cafés troop,
Some "*frühstuck*" in the street, some choose the
 "*Pupp*."

Buying our rolls, in passing thro' the "*Alte Wiese*,"
We then secure a "*tisch*" among the "free and easy."
Of Karlsbad's coffee, oft I'd heard the praise,
Against the bread no murmur can we raise.

All are bereft of one thing—namely, "*Butter*" ;
But, "*mit zwei eier*" no complaint we utter.
And so in open air we laugh and chat—
By me, to-day, two Lucknow heroes sat.

We each select our pet "*Fraulein*,"
Schöne *Rosa* sie ist mein,
The Oberst, he prefers *Babette*,
While *Bertha* is the Hauptman's pet.

The fast being broken, then for home,
Doctors forbid you *now* to roam—
The noon fill up with German lesson,
For two's the hour for our "*mit 'gessen*."

"Sommer theater" auf vier bis sechs ;
Orchestres-fauteuil ? a dollar-rix.
And the actors, in broad daylight,
Play just as well as if 'twere night.

At eight we sup—say, at the Salle de Saxe,
The "*filets*." Oh, for Mr. Gladstone's axe !
Labitsky wields the "*baton*" here,
His style is Strauss's, very near.

But list ! the clock is striking ten,
Like chicks who seek their mother-hen,
We hasten to the "*deck-bett*" cover,
And soon o'er us the angels hover.



CHAPTER IX.

SITUATION AND CLIMATE.

“**K**ARLSBAD lies in the north-western part of Bohemia, in a narrow valley, surrounded by wooded mountains, at an elevation of 1,124 feet above the level of the sea. Its position surpasses by its attractions that of most European watering-places, the enjoyment of its visitors being greatly enhanced by the delightful walks which in all directions branch off through the neighbouring glades. The climate is on the average genial, subject, as in all mountainous districts, to abrupt changes.

“THE SPRINGS, AND THEIR CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL PROPERTIES.—Karlsbad belongs to the class of alkaline saline mineral springs ; but owing to the far higher temperature of its therapeutic waters, and to its larger proportion of active constituent parts, it must rank pre-eminent among the mineral springs of the same order.

“The following are the principal springs used for drinking or bathing purposes :—

- | | | |
|--|---|---------|
| 1. The Sprudel, with a temperature of 59.8° Reaumur. | | |
| 2. The Hygiaeensquelle, | „ | 59.8° „ |
| 3. The Bernardsbrunn, | „ | 56.0° „ |
| 4. The Curhausquelle, | „ | 54.0° „ |
| 5. The Neubrunn, | „ | 51.5° „ |
| 6. The Theresienbrunn, | „ | 49.6° „ |
| 7. The Felsenquelle, | „ | 49.0° „ |
| 8. The Mühlbrunn, | „ | 45.8° „ |
| 9. The Schlossbrunn, | „ | 45.5° „ |
| 10. The Marktbrunn, | „ | 43.0° „ |
| 11. The Kaiserbrunn, | „ | 39.0° „ |
| 12. The Kaiser-Karl-Quelle, | „ | 35.0° „ |
| 13. The Hochberger-Quelle, | „ | 33.0° „ |
| 14. The Russian Kron-Quelle, | „ | 28.0° „ |

“ The warmest springs always maintain the same degree of heat, while the cooler ones are less apt to keep the same temperature. As to the chemical composition of the waters the springs are very much alike ; for the difference, which is shown by the analysis to exist in the proportion of carbonic acid, is due to the difference of temperature, the warmer springs possessing necessarily a lesser portion of carbonic acid than the cooler ones.

“ The different Karlsbad springs are either warmer or colder, but not stronger or weaker.

“ The most important of the component chemical parts is the sulphate of soda ; next ranks carbonate of soda ; then chloride of soda, carbonate of lime, sulphate of potassa, &c. The following table

gives the relative proportions of the solid component parts, with the carbonic acid :—

Component Parts (10,000).	Sprudel.	Mühlbrunn.	Kaiser-Karl-Quelle
Sulphate of potassa.....	1,636	2,236	2,710
Sulphate of soda	23,721	23,338	21,110
Chloride of soda	10,306	10,249	11,010
Carbonate of soda	13,619	14,151	11,020
Carbonate of lime	2,978	2,635	3,134
Carbonate of magnesia	1,240	0,344	0,422
Carbonate of iron.....	0,028	0,030	0,026
Clay	0,004	0,003	0,018
Silica	0,728	0,806	0,560
Total of the solid parts	54,260	53,842	50,010
Carbonic acid	7,604	9,504	15,033
Specific weight.....	1,005	1,004	1,004
Temperature.....	59.8° R.	45.8° R.	35° R.

“ The taste of the mineral waters is a weak alkaline saline one, but it is not at all unpleasant.

“Experiments made with the electrometer and the magnet prove that electromagnetic currents proceed from the warm springs. The Karlsbad waters have the property of depositing thermal tuff. Lime and iron falling from the hot water, after the dissolution of the carbonic acid into the atmosphere, cause these deposits: the vaults of the so-called Sprudelschale have been formed in this way.

“Incrustations are likewise created on any substance exposed for any length of time to the action of the waters. The thermal stones vary in form, hardness, and colour. They are found ranging from the purest white (in the absence of oxide of iron), through every shade of yellow, to the deepest brown. The harder species are susceptible of taking a high polish,

Karlsbad—Its Thermal Stones. 65

and the working of them constitutes a local feature in the industry of Karlsbad.”*

* “Karlsbad ; its Springs and their Products, and the Application of its Waters,” by Dr. Hoffmann.





CHAPTER X.

THE WALHALLA—ZURICH—LINDAU.

AFTER an eight hours' journey from Karlsbad we reached the banks of the Danube at Ratisbon, and in crossing the bridge had a view of our old friend the "Walhalla," or "Hall of the Chosen," one of King Ludwig's "*Follies*." It is built in imitation of the "Parthenon," and cost 2,300,000 florins. Amongst the "chosen" we found our own Alfred the Great.

In passing over, "with slippered feet," the shining marble floor of this wondrous temple you cannot help feeling respect for the man who reared such a glorious resting-place for the thousand "presentments of the great dead." The Walhalla is indeed one of the sights of Europe.

Leaving Regensburg, we found ourselves once more at that most historical of hotels, the "Drei Mohren" of Augsburg. But, alas! how changed! The house of the Fuggers has been transformed into a modern hotel, and the room with the cedar roof where the merchant-banker entertained the Emperor, and the fire-place whose cinnamon embers burnt Charles' bond, are no more as they were. But ceiling and fire-place

have been preserved, and are the sole associations with the great Fugger family.

The Rath-haus, with its Golden Hall—the imperial street, with its fountains—the massive Cathedral, standing in the large Close, where tournaments were once held with great pomp—the Schloss where Luther argued, and where “the confession” was promulgated, are the “lions” of this once imperial city.

From Augsburg we travelled to Zurich by Kempten, where you have your first view of the Bavarian Alps, and by Immenstadt, where you coast the lovely Alpsee, with views of the Appenzel mountains in the distance.

At Lindau we crossed Lake Constance to Romanshorn. It is curious to think that this lake is the joint property of Bavaria,

Wurtemberg, Baden, Switzerland, and Austria. We were not sorry to reach "Zurich's fair waters," and to meet so many of our fellow-countrymen as we found at the "Hotel Bauer-au-Lac."

Zurich is fast becoming a modern city ; new houses are elbowing away the old ones, with their high-pitched roofs and beetling eaves ; but the lake retains its passive loveliness, and is always a beautiful preface to that of Lucerne. The view from the Uetliberg, which we reached by railway, is very fine.





CHAPTER XI.

LUCERNE—THE RIGI KALTBAD.

ONCE more at Lucerne! The mountains dwarf the lake, but its colour seems more blue-green than ever. Pilatus looks down upon us with his old rugged grandeur, and the Rigi, though not picturesque in its outline, still seems like one of the "everlasting hills," and the solemn clouds, which veil and unveil the mountain peaks, complete the picture which we see from our hotel.

Those who have undergone "the cure"

at Karlsbad are recommended to pass at least three weeks in a bracing atmosphere. The Rigi Kaltbad was prescribed for me, and on a bright morning I took one of the new boats on Lake Lucerne, and in a couple of hours found myself at Vitznau. Here, quitting the packet, I entered a miniature station with service complete, and took my seat in one of the carriages belonging to the "Rigi Kulm Railway Company," and in less than two hours we "clawed" our way to the Kaltbad station, where I left the train, and in a few minutes was upon the terrace of the hotel, 4,727 feet above the level of the sea.

I entered the hotel with the determination to be content with such comforts as a mountain house could afford—in

fact, "to rough it;" to my surprise, I found all the appointments of a "Dremel's" hotel; a "salle à manger," where three hundred people could dine, reading-room, three large reception-rooms, smoking-room, with two billiard tables, post and telegraph office, doctor and surgery, hot and cold baths, coiffeur, and "boutique de luxe;" and a park, whose natural advantages have been laid hold of by some landscape gardener, and in which the pine, the birch, the beech, the oak, and mountain ash were in full leaf. This park is reserved for the visitors of the Hotel.

A quarter of a mile beyond is the Kanzli (or pulpit), 4,770 feet above the sea, perched at the edge of the northern side of the Rigi. From this pulpit Nature preaches. I beheld peak after peak, some with rugged edges, others with their

cones softened by the snow, piercing the pearly sky—an ocean of billowy clouds clinging around their waists, and covering the world below.

In time this curtain, so densely folded, over lake and town, became attenuated, broke into strata which floated silently away, not upwards, but in a line with the plane of the lake, forming islets of clouds which were loathe to leave the bosom of the lake, on which they had reposed all night. At length the sun rose high enough to warm the green pastures and cause them to glisten like emeralds, and make the solemn pines which enclose them look more solemn. As the eye looked upwards and left these Alpine greens, it came upon cold grey scarp walls, and last of all to beds of peerless

snow-glaciers in the recesses of these mountain summits.

The cow-bells tinkled in the air, a few laggard clouds slowly and gracefully followed their ancestors. The villages and little towns are mirrored in the lake, which rejoiced in such shades of colour as the eye alone by searching findeth out. This was my first sermon.

Three happy weeks were passed on the Rigi, and it was only when the staff of the hotel dwindled to one waiter and no "chef" that we determined to descend to the lower world; so again we find ourselves at Lucerne, and from the "Drei Lindens" we watch the sun go down.

The Rigi, blushing red, begins the hymn to the parting day; then Titlis, with its

crust of snow, exchanges its pall of white for a golden cover-lid. Stern Pilatus has now no more his rugged angles : he, too, is bathed in this rosy-purple atmosphere. But, lo ! on the Rigi now no blush is seen. The saffron mantle of Titlis is ghostly white, and hard Pilatus, as if ashamed of having glowed with colour, looks hard, and grey, and angular.

The town of Lucerne has not yet lost its simple, quaint character ; the old walls, the red-roofed towers, the covered bridges, still remain, and distance lends enchantment to the Cathedral's two sharp spires.

The wonderful colour and the intense clearness of the rapid Reuss, rushing from the lake as if mad with delight at breaking from *its* dull propriety to gambol and wind through the distant plain, is one of Lucerne's

marked features. But most of all is it famous for its country walks. I do not now speak of the lake excursions to be made from it as head-quarters, but *walks* which we, as English people, so enjoy to take.

It is one of Lucerne's specialities that in a few minutes you turn your back upon the Schweizerhof, and all the other Hofs and Pensions, and find yourself in unalloyed country; whichever way your wandering steps may lead you, through thick firred plantings, or up the grassy slopes of richly laden orchards, you come upon points of view of wondrous beauty.



CHAPTER XII.

THE ROSSBERG—PILATUS.

A MOST interesting day's work from Lucerne is the sail to Kusnacht, the walk past Tell's Chapel, the slight ascent of the hill after you have passed it, from the summit of which you get the first glimpse of the blue Zug ; the sail to Arth, in which little town there is an old-fashioned hotel, with its pannelled "speise-saal," where the bolt is preserved which was shot into the Confederate

camp on the eve of the battle of Baumgarten.

Then comes the impressive part of the expedition—the drive under the shadow of the Rossberg, and past the titanic boulders scattered broadcast for three miles, and under which, four doomed villages lie.

Amazing sight! With what an awful battle-field sound must those vast boulders have bounded down upon the helpless villages! Pompeii and Herculaneum do not present to the eye, but to the imagination, the tragedy of their fate; but Goldau and its three companions were thundered upon, and crushed, and stamped out by the very boulders which are now seen, and which, with a kind of cruel irony, are smiling with verdure, and

from whose sides goodly pines point to the heavens which witnessed this cruel cataclysm.

Few such scenes are within the compass of the ordinary tourist. The havoc of the Rossberg, the placid lake of Lowerz, the greater and lesser Mythens, towering in the clouds ; Schweiz, the cradle and name-giving capital to the Confederation, with its calm propriety ; and, finally, its port—Brunnen—the cynosure of the “four-canton’d Lake.”

An ascent of Pilatus was the finale of my Swiss sojourn. It was an adventure in a small way, and might have been a very comfortless one. A friend and I impulsively settled to start one morning about ten : we reached Alpnach at twelve, and, with some difficulty, got two horses

and guides. The day was glorious ; the sun so hot that we were glad to protect our backs with umbrellas. I had rejected the offer of luncheon to carry up with us, thinking that we should find something at the halfway-house, and at the " Belle Vue " on the summit.

Our horses took us bravely in three hours to within sight of the hotel, which seemed tenantless. No answer was returned to the resounding echoes which our guides brought out of the desolate scarps of Pilatus.

We had but slightly broken our fasts in the morning, and were feeling the effects of the rarefied air, and becoming ravenous. In another half-hour we were within parleying distance, and perceiving some tiny figures on the Esel, we sounded them from afar

as to food prospects, and had shouted back to us a list of good things fit for the requirements of a *gourmet*.

At last we reached the "Belle Vue" to find all the windows closed, and confusion reigning supreme. In the *salle-à-manger* a half-witted girl, in answer to our inquiries for wine, bread, or cheese, or *anything*, said nothing but "nein! nein!" to each question. The two young fellows had eaten up what little there was, and their shouted catalogue of dainties had been meant but as a whet to our appetites!

Becoming desperate, we determined to make a search, and came upon a piece of bread, which we laid hold of and shared. At last another female, more sane, came upon the scene, and a bottle of wine was ferreted out; with this and a cup of coffee

we did not fare so badly. Sending our horses back, we engaged the guide of our young friends—fortunately for ourselves.

The scene was grandly solemn; the day almost too cloudless; the mountains, cutting sharply into the blue sky, seemed to lose their magnitude by having no illusive clouds playing about their outlines. The Bernese Alps appeared close upon us; it was one of those days, harbingers of change, when the mountains seem to have left their wonted bases and to have mysteriously approached miles nearer to you.

To the north of the hotel, where you look down upon the lake and the far-sweeping plain, the snow was thickly strewn; on the south side I was glad to protect myself from the sun. We

gazed once more on the solemn, silent, subduing scene, almost oppressed with its rugged grandeur, and then began the descent; but we had started too late, and darkness soon overtook us.

We were not shod with the preparation of mountain shoes, and our nailless soles slipped almost momentarily over the loose pebbles in the path. The darkness was so thick that when I rested my hand on the guide's, or on my friend's shoulder, I could not see the object of my touch; and thus for three hours we picked our way. Once the guide lost his footing, but my friend, a strong man, clutched him back on to the path again. At last we emerged from the wood, and the stars were our lamps for the rest of the way.

The lake was dimly visible, and here

and there a light in the houses below was a welcome beacon. The guide, a capital fellow, had groped his way down wonderfully. What we should have done, or where we should now be if we had not had the good fortune to borrow him, I dare not say. The only moral I would draw from this small adventure is—Never play tricks with mountains.





CHAPTER XIII.

PARIS—LES INVALIDES—BEAUTIES OF PARIS—
PERE LA CHAISE.

PARIS! What a beautiful city! How different from miniature Brussels, wealthy Frankfort, smoky Leipsic, grey Dresden, and austere Augsburg! The brightness, and the lightness, and the tidiness of all you see here! No languid squalor such as that of the greasy-coated London unemployed. The blue blouse of the *ouvrier*, and the clean cap and decorous dress of the poor Parisienne, are marked features in the streets.

The will with which everything is done! If it be amusement, it is not a "triste" affair; if "des affaires," then no matter how humble the occupation, body and soul are thrown into it; and the result, combined with the natural taste of the French individual is, that every shop window in Paris is well worthy of close inspection.

Whatever the "métier," whether works of art, beautiful in themselves, or ingenious, everything is in good taste. Each object is seen to advantage, and placed in harmony with its neighbour, and with the design of making the *ensemble* attractive and picturesque.

One scene I shall attempt to describe, because it is perhaps the only one which an *habitué* of Paris may not have seen. It

is the mass at the Invalides, celebrated on Sundays at 11, at which the old Pensioners "assist."

About fifty of these old warriors—I suppose the *élite* of all the Invalides—are paraded in two lines in a corridor abutting on the church, their breasts glittering with medals—many with one arm, more with one leg; each held an ensign in his right hand; each wore his sword by his side. I found them standing in line. The youngest of them could not be less than seventy; without an exception, they all looked tottering and feeble.

In cruel contrast was a group of drummer lads, who, divested for the moment of their drums, were effervescing with fun. At a signal the lads buckle on their drums and make the welkin ring

again with their tattoo; the old boys "fall in," the crooked backs become straight, the worn visages martial; the wooden legs make the line seem more straight, and the armless sleeves detract nothing from the effect of this touching sight.

An old officer on crutches, but alive with decorations, feebly makes his way into the church; then comes a young one, who, judging by the orders on his breast, must also have seen many battles: he propels himself in a perambulator. Another salute from the drums, when the general officer and his staff are seen in the quadrangle making their way to review this "Old Guard."

One of the staff, after the old fellows have saluted the general, closely inspects each pensioner. After standing at ease,

and saluting with their flags, they face about and march up the aisle in two lines, the drums preceding, and two of the "old boys" are told off to flank the altar. The officers have "fauteuils" in the chancel.

At given moments during the mass the drums make all resound again, and the old Pensioners bring down their flag-staffs on the marble floor with a ringing rattle. At one part of the service the boys leave their drums in the nave, march into the chancel, form a kneeling circle, and sing a chorale very sweetly.

The service over, the officers march out between the lines of the old men. Then the drums again sound, and the old guards fall in and leave as they entered. After-

wards a regular review of them took place in the quadrangle, ending with a "march past" the general,—not a slow march, the poor old fellows were put into quick time,—and then dismissed. I have no doubt that these weekly evolutions—they may occur oftener—keep the old fellows from becoming ankelosed.

It was a lovely day, and when the "review" was over I walked into the inner courts open to the sun, and saw some of the oldest of old soldiers, who had been led to benches, where they were sitting basking in the sunshine, warming their maimed and weary limbs.

I can conceive no one insensible to the scene I have attempted to describe, and only hope that by so doing I may

induce the reader to witness the same little episode in the "battle of life."

Paris, Nov. 2, 1877.

Not a cloud shrouded Paris yesterday. The blue vault, so high, so blue, which roofed this throbbing city, was, in one spot only, faintly streaked with feathery white; the sun shone down upon the good and evil with indiscriminate light and warmth; and the Champs Elysées were really such. The Arch of Triumph, set in its background of blue sky, with golden rays pouring upon its face, proudly reasserted itself; the trees in the Bois were still in autumn costume; the poplars looked like golden ones, and when, with their flaunting yellow they topped the group of sombre pines, the contrast almost startled you; the miniature lake, fringed

with its Pampas grass, was beautiful, and the swans, haunted by the dream that a new summer had come upon them, amorously reclined on its fair bosom.

The wooded hills above St. Cloud rejoiced in warm colours, and even Fort Valerien looked less grim than is its wont.

From "La Place de la Concorde" the cupola of "Les Invalides" seemed as if fresh gilded, and the Obelisk's grey colour added to the atmospheric effect; the fountains plashed with joy, and the "Madeleine's" classic beauty was made more beautiful by the lovely day.

There was but one obverse picture to set against this unrivalled scene—the battered, shattered skeleton of the Tuilleries.

The noise of hammer and chisel were

no longer heard, the *ouvrier* having exchanged his blue blouse for his fête day dress. The Boulevards swarmed with people, and the crowds elbowing their way converged to the streets leading to Père la Chaise.

There was nothing in their faces denoting the object of their walk ; they did not look like *mourners*, neither did they seem like *revellers*, but all seemed intent on fulfilling the same duty.

At the Palais Royale we got into a long line of carriages, and threaded our way through uninteresting streets to that part of Paris which has some dark spots in its recent history.

We looked askance at the prison "de la Roquette," and thought of the fate of the hostages. We ascended with the masses

to "the Boulevard de Belleville." Here mounted patrols and gendarme indicated the way to the City of Tombs. We passed through the "Rue du Repos," where each house was a bazaar for the sale of elaborate souvenirs, immortelles, bouquets, natural and artificial, and emblazoned inscriptions, composed for every degree of relationship.

At last, after a funeral procession had passed through the main entrance to this world of cenotaphs, we succeeded in penetrating this strange "city of the dead."

The sight, at first, of these endless streets of hideous sepulchres is almost repulsive, and each seemed uglier than its neighbour; the memory of some Italian cemeteries and of some of our own village churchyards flashed across me, and rose up in

judgment against such barbaric memorials of the departed.

But I soon forgot the style of the sculptor, and thought only of the reverent feelings which moved the hearts of the thousands who had come to do honour to their dead. The rich and poor had met in this real republic, the former carrying the loveliest flowers, the latter a simple immortelle, to decorate the much-loved grave.

Many monuments were happy exceptions to the general rule; these had their respective worshippers, but the veiled bust of Ledru Rollin was the popular idol. Hundreds of wreaths were showered upon his grave.

Soldiers patrolled, gendarme were ever present in these narrow avenues

of tombs; drums sounded the rappel, and the one thing most conspicuous by its absence was repose amongst the dead.

The sun alone gave a solemn pathos to this living as well as dead picture. From the eastern hill, where stands the mortuary chapel, we beheld him descending with beauteous colours, so constant and loving had he been over this wondrous people on this their All Souls' Day!



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